

The Poetry of Yasuharu Nagumo

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Presented by

My poetic side 

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THE WET GROUND

The bus is crowded. Each passenger thinks different thoughts silently. The soft raindrops begin to touch at the windows. Whenever everybody gets off the bus, they put their own thoughts on the wet ground and go away with their umbrellas open. Then the wet ground absorbs the thoughts.

AN EXAM IN LOVE

**We each forced ourselves.
You were only lonesome.
I was contented and wanted to be excited.
We went for a drive
To a peninsula.
We saw an amusement park,
But we went past.
The Ferris wheel and the roller coaster looked dim
As if they were covered with sand.
So we did not feel pleasant like playing there.
We got in a hotel for some reason or other
And pulled the body close to each other
With the untrue hearts.
It was a sad exam in love.
We went out of the hotel
And started again.
We could change nothing,
But only time passed a little.**

**All you told of was your remembrance.
You must have wished for the next love
And the same love
As you had once had.
You had ordinary sensibility.
I was not satisfied with such thing.
Though I certainly sought for love too,
I was not sure that I could develop your dream.
I frequently smoked and you said to me,
"Why do you smoke so heavily?"
I wanted, so to speak, revolution.**

**Both of us knew that our hearts were kept locked,
That they were separate from each other**

And that the future could not be seen.
But only two were in the car.
And we continued going forward.
Toward what?

The sea darkened from the near side.
The mountains darkened from the side.
Night seemed to be coming after a while.
Since we still loved sunlight,
We got in a restaurant with a view of sunset
And ordered our dinner.
Though it filled our stomachs
And though all the views from the windows were beautiful,
Our hearts were not filled.

On our way back we went past the amusement park again.
Seeing the beautiful illumination, I said,
"Beautiful."
Somehow I knew why you did not say so before.
Then you stared into my eyes and said,
"Yes."

The expressway by night had the seductive power.
Both of us were silent.
I had turned off the car stereo.
But we were awake.
You said, "You accelerate pretty fast,"
When I thought so myself.
I guessed you were afraid.

We got to your apartment before long.
Stepping out of the car, you said,
"Thank you very much. I had an enjoyable time today."
I felt you look at my eyes briefly.
And I felt as if I had only seen your profile of a smile.

I only drank water

I only drank water
from the river
out of my cupped hands.
Why or how
did you know where I was?

BREATH

After a relation of ours dies
or when we move into a new house,
we come across old things.
Looking at them together,
we exchange breath with each other.

Immortal Poetry

As we compose poetry without mentioning current affairs to relax and cheer up the people who have to endure great hardship, I am certain that such poetry is immortal.

A Lane

I see a long and straight lane
Covered with the shiny yellow leaves.

At the entrance to this lane
A large red mailbox stands.

I have a postcard with a poem.
It is important and properly stamped.
And then I turn white in shame
Because I remember a failure of the past.

One winter day like today
I forgot to stamp my fateful letter.
This fact reminds me of the different way
Which could be better.

A life is as firmly definite as a lane
In front of me, and beyond repair.
Have I ever been filled with shine?
I stand by the mailbox, viewing the lane from here.

Kumiko's Words

Kumiko was my classmate.

Her words alarmed me.

"I like him because he has power," she said.

She didn't say that she likes power.

Her words implied that she likes a man who has power.

I caught a glimpse of her shallow thought.

Her words alarm us, for they show our laziness.

We want power.

That's OK.

I hope that we are all just diligent in our duties.

I think that power will follow diligence.

Now I am in charge of sending a periodic remittance to persons in power.

I sometimes remember Kumiko's words.

Her words alarm me again.

Although I am not lazy, I am not content with things as they are.

To work to live only peacefully doesn't bring me satisfaction.

Kumiko could be content to work under power.

And she would take power over in the future.

I much love solitude.

So I cannot assume leadership.

Power originates from such a person as Kumiko.

Her words continue to alarm me.

A SMALL BUTTERFLY

I wish I could listen to a small butterfly breathing. How long has it been breathing?

It seems to be carrying nothing on its back, while flying at the bottom of the earth's atmosphere.

But it carries powders and fluids with its body. We can't see them. We take little notice of its work. We are busy in watching visible affairs. Some see things in hand, some see things in trash cans and some see a rain cloud in the distance,

while a small butterfly does not know how to work at the bottom of the earth's atmosphere. It is fluttering quietly in the sun.

A NATURAL SOUND

Families each have their own opinion. It is narrow and partial. They speak it inside their homes. Every time I look at each home, I feel a sense of solitude.

But I can see their voices rising in the sky. Their homes have no ceilings. The clear sky rings with these voices. These voices go up the rain. The clouds receive these voices.

These voices unify in the air. These voices lose the name of their own. The one and only sound covers the earth.

We should listen to this sound. This is a natural sound. This is an anonymous sound. Even librarians no longer know the sources of this sound. The bills no longer know where to go.

We should not listen to each opinion of families. It is too arrogant to put together. Nature only can form it.

A WORLD MAP

Let's read a world map at night without the lights. Because the world has a good form in darkness.

Although there are still many fences in the world, night hides them in the shade of the black sky.

As I step on the faint shadows of the fences at night, I forget the fences themselves.

They are as thin as the shadows of trees. The world by night seems flatter than by day.

THE MIRROR

A mirror reflects our eyes. The scenes in the mirror mean everything we have experienced. When we look at ourselves in the mirror at close range, we find the mirror reflects even our temperatures. And even when we don't look ourselves in it, it watches whatever we do, say what we dream about.

LEAVES

I sometimes wish to be independent of colors.
Colors die out with light.

I took a black and white photograph of trees in the rain.
Flowers were going down because of the rain.

Leaves depend on a single color.
Flowers are certainly colorful and beautiful.
But the figures are thin.

Leaves are stronger than flowers.
Leaves live longer than flowers.
Leaves are brighter than flowers.

Now I appreciate the photograph of trees.
I still get drips from the leaves in my eye.
It's raining inside the photograph forever.

LIKE FISHES

Love can be born in bad things. Ordinary people often support their families by some immoral actions.

While we all are fated to die sooner or later, lies are alive like fishes in the calm water.

THE ROOT OF PEACE

We attach great importance
To the difference
In terms of both quantity and quality.

The same part of us
Is usually closed.
But this is the root
Of peace.

When the sun
Lights all things equally,
The world becomes quiet.
When we look
At the same part of us,
Our minds become quiet.

But we must speak about the difference
To survive difficult society.

We have generated
Not only power
But also right
By argument
Probably over the difference.
It is quite natural for us
To remove the difference.

We are now
Standing in a row
Impartially
At a railroad crossing
Waiting for a long train
To pass.

And the sun
Is lighting the same part
Of us.

A LIMIT

We sometimes think
There is a limit to feelings
Of human beings.

While life is full of variety,
Feelings repeat themselves.

Since we want in vain
To get new feelings,
Various byways
Have attraction for us.

Our bodies will disappear
Soon,
But feelings will be able to remain
In our hearts.
Because both our bodies and feelings
Have a limit.

THE TOWN AND PEOPLE

Time has passed.
People I knew
And people I did not know
Have lived
And have died
In this town.
But now
Air I knew
Blows
From this town
And people here
Which have lost
Ties with me.

THE ATTRACTIVE PERSONS

Society can not be complex for the attractive persons. They are simple and the holes of their mistakes are always shallow. We should copy after them.

LATE SUMMER

I've tolerated my heavy love for her. Then the wind pushes my body. It has had the stench of death and goes through late summer.

COMBUSTION

I am treading with possibility of change. Since I am liberated from any question, I can continue treading.

Things neither behind me nor in front of me are considered.

Flowing remembrance and a premonition of the end of the dream never appear out of my head.

The turn of the treadle does not generate progress. But it is not stagnated.

Anytime it generates combustion. Anytime I am in the middle of change.

And I fear being captured by any question.

STRANGERS

Although
we are strangers,
we live on the same day.
We all come from all around
and pass
each other
on the same planet.
That's why
I feel
close to other people
as well as sad.

WIND AND WEATHER

Wind and weather
wash slopes. And
this world with a slant
must be washed too.
So I will not
blame it.

SHE IS TOUGH

As I recall her,
I say in my heart,
"she is tough."
And I toe
green leaves
which have fallen
on the shadow of the top of the tree.

THE TWO OLD MEN

(To Edwin Arlington Robinson)

I am an accountant of a hospital. One day my heart hurt because I was afraid of some difficulties which were going to arise in the near future. At this time I found myself to remember those two old men who have already retired and who are optimistic, tolerant and frank and that day trip with them by tour bus. I suppose I must have needed to learn the optimistic, tolerant and frank attitude from those two old men. Because the future which brings us fear seems to originate from just our own selfish, narrow-minded and haughty conduct in the past.

One of the two old men was a pharmacist of this hospital and then he was over seventy. The other was engaged on the upkeep of this hospital. At a time for the year-end adjustment I said without appreciating his feelings that he was an old man, although I am sure that he did not like being called an old man. And I was only twenty seven years old then yet.

That was a coach trip to a cape. Digital cameras had just appeared at that time and film was still in current use. I took a single-lens reflex camera with film like a water bottle. And I shot many pictures. The most impressive picture for me is not the one that shows the two old men. It is the picture that shows the cliff facing the rough seas. Anyway, we walked very much. We stayed by the coast for some time and left there to visit a resort building apart from the sea. This resort seemed to have been prosperous. This resort building had each of us remember the Shouwa period. I had spent a happy boyhood in the Shouwa period. My grandfather had often taken me to various and interesting places. So I can feel the difference between things of the Shouwa period and things of the Heisei period. The two old men, who had spent the Shouwa period much longer and much deeper than I had, seemed to have far more profound emotion than I had. The pharmacist said, "ah, this is the resort which was well known." And another old man said, "yes, this was famous." I was interested in the whole interior, namely the stairs, the balustrade, the carpet, the ceiling, the lighting, the tables, the sofas, the desks and the chairs. And I shot the pictures of these things.

I don't know why the two old men asked me to this coach trip. Was I the easiest man to call? Did I seem to be curious? But I may not need to think of the reason. The two old men would not think of reasons for various things. I am different from the appearance. I'm not good at socializing. I'm not an agreeable man. I'm a solitary man. When I was asked to go together, I did not feel like accepting the offer. The two old men may have noticed such a disposition of mine during that trip. However, when I went to show them the developed pictures during recess, they said, "we come out very well." They were delighted and smiled. Now I wish the two old men did not retire yet. If so, I might not become a haughty man like this because they would surely be the examples which only my soul could see.

A SEED

Melody continued a long time
until
I woke out of sleep.

Before clouds come,
I will fly away.
I'm a dry seed.

The wind
which is going to carry me
may stop soon.

I say in a high voice,
"I ache, I ache all over."
Spring is nearly gone.

THE ECLOSION

I was not a friend of his then,
and I could not make friends with him.
However, he had been careful of me.

Our action
to face the future includes being reminded of something and predicting something.
We can not see the future without being reminded of anything and without predicting anything.

But we wish
we could also see only the future itself
without being reminded of anything and without predicting anything as insects eclose.

It is 2:30 a.m.
It's time for us to become such insects.

I was not a friend of his then,
and I could not make friends with him.

But now
I am friends with him entirely.

THE STADIUM

He had been to stadiums
as a spectator and as a player several times.
Although he did not dislike sports and entertainments,
he was not happy anytime
because he did not have obedience to power
which a citizen had to have.

One day someone gave him a ticket for a professional baseball game.
This person was obedient to power,
that is to say, a model citizen.

He thought that to take the favor of this person was his task,
so he went to the stadium alone on the night of the game.
He was obedient to the individual tasks.

In the stadium the obedient citizens were gathering
and the game that looked small was playing.
All the baseball players looked obedient to power.
He thought that the shows had to be like this.

He wasn't happy as usual,
so he went out of the stadium
in the middle of the game.
And from the outside he saw a big block of stone
into which the obedient citizens and the game that looked small were packed.

a view of stillness

The quiet vast lake is
surrounded by the hills.

The waves shining in the sun
are so bright
that the lake appears to be covered in a haze.

The silent wide freeway
is seen across the lake palely.

The slow flow of motor vehicles is
seen without the wall.

I try to take the photo of this view.
But my index finger stops,
because I wonder
whether I can grasp this beautiful stillness
in motion.

While my spirit is still,
the view
is moving slow like the tone of the sky
at dusk

which would never end.

different eyes

Only when a person has seen something, the person is primarily unable to translate it for someone because it instantly go into the eye sockets of the person too deep to get it again. Then on the night this person is going to dream of it as if it were something of early date.

However, for instance, when we hear something, we ask a question on its meaning. To ask a question, we need languages. And the languages are ruled by a certain power which makes different languages translate into a certain language.

Now I am waiting my turn at the ophthalmic doctor's. Each patient may have different condition, but they have the same eyes in the respect that they are eyes. The patients sit very crowded in the waiting room. They are, as it were, the terrible crowd of eyes. But different eyes see different things which never be translated for anyone.

Human beings have languages to say something or to ask a question. And the languages are ruled by a certain power which makes different languages translate into a certain language. Although eyes are also different from each other, they are the very same things in the respect that they are eyes. Now they are sitting very crowded in the waiting room.

And they are not ruled by any power.

IMPERFECT THINGS

I am always exposed to nothing more than abbreviated things.

Where is perfection?

Perfection depends on my imagination.

How imperfect!

So there is not the quite identical thing.

The abbreviated sky, land, sea and women,
such imperfect things am I exposed to.

What abbreviates things?

It's me.

As soon as there appear I, things are abbreviated.

As soon as I come there, I abbreviate things.

Oh, the perfect sky, land, sea and women,
my arrival is guilt. I apologize.

I, do restore them.

What I have to do is to restore them.

the eternal

I have slowly taken small steps forward.

I will continue on the same way.

I have passed lots of doorways.

I will continue on the same way.

A dream which expresses everything in a matter of seconds is
like a bird that springs as soon as its figure is found
into the sky in which the dribble is unlikely to disappear.

The past can't be effaced.

The present can't be effaced either.

But the future is still in a dream.

I have slowly taken small steps forward.

I will continue on the same way

and I will pass lots of doorways

under the sky in which the dribble is unlikely to disappear.

NATURE

In the lower sky
below the shiny heaven,
gray clouds are flowing fast
as if they were the poor and young of the nation of the cloud.

On earth,
the wind with dots of rain is
blowing, going through hard and making sounds.
The trunks and the branches of trees
are giving,
and their light-colored lustrous young leaves appear to be under a trial.

We persistently give back from this pitiful sight
that seems to be brief
with our hearts unhappy and lost.

But within
our hearts,
the trunks and the branches are already giving the same way
and the light-colored lustrous young leaves
endure the hard wind with dots of rain not to be brown off.

We have a secret courage,
which is as poor but strong,
and fierce but sincere
as that gray clouds which are flowing fast in the lower sky below the shiny heaven have.

We need a person
who allows such a courage, and who is like that vast thick clouds which in the heaven
shine and seem to think silently and deeply.

THE LINE

The line
drawn for the first time
in our history
must have been straight.

When we try to draw
something with a pen
or by the middle finger, first
we all draw a straight line.

It is always very short.
And it looks like a soft strike. Now

the world appears to be calm around me.
I see a parking area
full of spaces,

leaning against a coin-operated locker full of spaces.
The shape of these spaces seems square or cubic.
And
the universe seems round and closed. But

anyway
we all draw a short straight line first.

THE SOUNDS OF MY EMOTIONS IN THE LIGHT

One evening,
soon after getting home,
I threw off my red jacket
onto the disordered bed.

Then I turned on the television,
and what's more,
turned on the switch of the CD player,
but I did not turn on the main light of the room.

I started to listen to the organ music with headphones.
This music had been composed
in 17th and 18th centuries'
France and Southern Netherlands.

Not long afterward,
I took off the headphones
and threw it onto the red jacket
and then looked at the TV screen.
It was gleaming. The TV's sound was small.
And that headphones were yet sending out the small sound of the organ music.

In the light that TV screen sent out,
I took a Japanese dictionary
and began to look up new words in it.
Because this evening
I had found curious words in the outer world.

On every page of the dictionary
there were a few words
marked with highlighters of various colors.
But these words didn't stand out.

As I tried to find the new curious words,
I was hearing the different sounds,
that is to say
the TV's small sound, the small sound of the organ music,
and the sound of my voice
in which I spoke the new curious words inside my heart.

It was proper that these new curious words had their own meanings.
But mysteriously,
these words gave birth to the sounds of my various emotions.
Their meanings sounded my various emotions.
The dictionary seemed to be beginning to change to the aggregate
of my various emotions.

In this evening,
the outer world had brought me the new curious words.
These new curious words brought me the various emotions.
And the sounds of all the emotions were given by the small dictionary.
This dictionary was illuminated by the gleaming light
of the TV screen, and I heard the small sound
of the organ music that the black headphones sent out.

THE OCCASIONAL WAY

I saw the cloudy sky
where birds that flew higher
seemed smaller than birds that flew lower

I saw them when
I was walking by the telephone booth
where many various words had been spoken

Expression by the language is
difficult because there are too many occasional ways in the world

And people have never caught the birds
that fly on the occasional way
which is not sure if it is high or not

FROM BELOW SHOPPING CARTS

Standing at a food department
in the massive supermarket,
I found myself
much alone
and surrounded by huge shopping carts filled with food.
I felt as if I were only a small child.
And I was really very poor.
I held a shopping basket,
in which there were only a low-priced packed lunch
and a small can of coffee.

From below shopping carts,
I could see the motive for theft.

A DOLL AND THE STAIRS

Everything will be understood in due course while we imagine it for a long time.
But we must really imagine it a considerable long.

A doll the name of which is memory goes up the long long stairs in the house of human beings to the ultimate end.

This is the internal stairs.

There are the paces at long long intervals on the way of the long long stairs and each of them has a window.

There is always one bird outside of the window and the bird is always pecking at something.

The doll wonders what that big bird is pecking at.

Although the doll tries to ask, it cannot speak.

Then the doll continues to go up the stairs again.

The bird outside of the window at the paces seems to become smaller as the doll goes up the stairs higher.

As the doll goes up, at last it finds itself to be the bird pecking at something outside of the window.
Right away it dies and gets out of the window.

And the doll understands what it is pecking at.

It is the memory given a particular name.

I DO NOT WISH THAT THEY COULD STAGNATE

Anything but these things,
that is to say
a happy thing, an agreeable thing, a useful thing, a beautiful thing and a right thing
will not run. I think this thought,
and soak myself in a feeling of hollow.
I feel even music is empty.
All the good things run and leave.

Anything but these things,
that is to say
a happy thing, an agreeable thing, a useful thing, a beautiful thing and a right thing
will not run. I soak in the flow
of these good things.

You are smiling on the bridge
and looking at me below bathing.
Do you know that even love cannot stay?

The worse things alone
stagnate in my heart, in my room and at the world ends without running.

From on the bridge
I watch the cool flow below.
Even love cannot stay.
But I say inside my head,
"I don't wish that those good things
could stagnate."

BLOCKS OF AIR

One afternoon at the university,
in the very old library
built with bricks,
that had the great history
and that had been superseded by the new building,
I was at one of the old desks alone.

Sitting at the desk,
I did not have any thought,
but I remembered a view of a certain professor
who had few students.

He was making a study of sociology,
and I was one of his few students.

One day, in his lecture, he had said,
"Learning needs a beautiful air."
And he had advised us
to visit this old library.

Sitting at the old desk made of wood,
I only remembered what the professor had said.
I could not bring myself to study.
The inside of this library was dim and the air was heavy.
The windows were too small.
There were few books in the stacks.
No one else was there. I felt noise all the better for quietness.
I may have been under tension.

I left this place soon. I descended the narrow stairs.
I went out, and I thought I would not visit this old library again.
Although it was interesting, it brought me no idea besides a memory.

I saw this library from the outside.
Beyond question, it looked to be beautiful.
it was built with the blocks of past, lost, and beautiful air.
I thought that
we needed new blocks of beautiful air for learning.

TIME IN THE SALON

She was lying on her back on the bed
for eyelash extension.

The salon was on the top floor
of an old building. And we were the only guests.

Sitting on a sofa, I was waiting for her
until the operation ended up.
It was the first time in my life
that I visited the salon for eyelash extension.

I was curious
as to how the beautician operated.
But immediately I felt dull.
All things in the salon were almost at a standstill.

I loved her. I thought her state of lying on the bed
was attractive. Despite such appeal
I felt restless. I wanted to go out.
At that very moment she asked me what I was doing.

"Nothing," I answered.
In this salon the only thing that had a change
was the ambient music.
The volume of the music was small. But it streamed.

It seemed that nothing occurred in this salon.
Soon the operation ended.
She said to me,
"What are you doing?" The operation ended. And she smiled.

WHAT IS CALLED TEMPTATION

On a Sunday,
With such the strong power
And such the weight as something pumps up,
A certain desire which did not allow resistance
Came into and inflated my heart.

I was provoked by this desire
To jump out of my daily life
And I left for a town
That was away with so many stations.

In the train car
My heart kept saying,
"Go back."
But this word in vain continued to be defeated by the power
Of the desire which inflated my heart. Presently
The train reached my goal.

But before long
My heart atrophied by a bleak atmosphere of the town,
And I began to feel the desire which had provoked me
To get here was absurd.

My legs began to walk and to leave this town.
"Evade, evade," my heart said.
The power to inflate my heart was lost any more.

A expressway ran overhead.
I walked along the highway below the expressway.
There was nothing to watch. It was the monotonous view.
Merely in the shade of the expressway, automobiles like the shadows were running.
Few people were walking like me.
I walked and got two stations back.

I phoned my friend and said,
"Please tell me to go home."
My friend said to me,
"Go home."
Then I could ride in a train to go home.
But the scar of this day's temptation have been left
Without vanishing away.

AT ANY TIME IN THE LIFE

Although it occurs at any time in our lives that we meet new persons, there are some people that at any time in our lives we feel meet for the first time always. Even though we will no longer meet each other, there are some such people.

As soon as I entered a university of a big city, the environment of my life absolutely became different from before. The scent of the air and the earth there smelled like completely just after birth.

I came from the country with a longing for the big city. Then young men stronger than I in terms of courage waited for such a lonely boy. They had been born in the big city from the very beginning, and had grown up there, and had many friends in this big city. Soon after entrance to a university, I made friends with some of them.

I am talking about these friends now. It occurs at any time in our lives that we meet new persons. But the encounter in that times are heterogeneous. When I think of those friends, I feel the totally new scent of the air and the earth which smelled that time. There was a natural difference between them and me. It was an illusion that the difference had been got over by becoming friends. Of course, we exchanged the heterogeneous things with each other. These things were about books, about music, about our future and so on. We talked a lot. That is the privilege of the youth. However, the years of younger life of eighteen, nineteen or twenty that were different from each other seemed to be severance.

Because of this severance in the youth, I remember at any time in my life that they are the completely new persons. Recently, and now, I certainly meet new persons and make friends with them. But the difference between these people and me is not felt shocking like that times we were young. Should I call this feeling maturity? Or have my feeling stiffened? I cannot state the reason correctly.

I still remember those old but new friends tonight. Actually it is not only amazing. I also feel something painful. Yes, that severance can be never closed. And the totally new scent of the air and the earth which smelled that time! I think that these things hit me without vanishing away at any time in my life.

SMALL CHARACTERS

"Write characters small,"

My father said to me when I was a junior high school student.

In the course of time I could understand the meaning of this order.

Small characters look more beautiful and more modest than large characters.

Words written by small characters reach softly and gently the hearts of those who read them.

By comparison with small characters, large characters are loud and violent.

Words written by large characters may be conspicuous and many people may see them, but they cannot reach the depth of people's hearts and cannot move them.

Small characters are born by calm mind, but large characters are born by furious mind.

When your mind is furious, you should make every effort to write your ideas by small characters.

Then we can become more calm and wiser.

THE HOT ROAD

It was the picture of two tortoises lying prone and sunbathing that my mother took by her mobile phone camera. It happened on the mean point of a long and quiet asphalt road. Along this road, a waterway for farming ran. The two tortoises were on the narrow space of a concrete pipe appearing above the water.

Rice fields mostly spread out all around. The hospital was located on such land. In a life of a mere little human being, I had exceeded the limit and had tried to give a description of too many things, or had tried to express things in the surprising language to people. As a result, I became a patient.

The sun was shining on this asphalt road with the very hard heat. And the surface of the road reflected the immeasurably heated light. The sunshine was so hot and bright that we did not know whether my mother should put up a parasol against the sky or against the surface of the road.

My mother came through such the road and visited me. When she went back, I went out too, and went part of the way with her. Then she found that tortoises in the waterway and took a picture of them. She said that she would show it to someone.

Because of the hard heat, I stopped walking at the point where the tortoises were lying. I look at my mother from behind walking away with a parasol against the sky. She seemed to be the heat haze in the gold sunshine. I could not stand the heat of the ground as if I had been standing barefoot. So I returned early to the cool inside of the hospital.

ONE RIGHT ANSWER

When I feel my heart whirling, I write something to get one right answer. Practice, practice. Don't expect perfection. But I write something to reach the one perfect conclusion.

Life is full of events. We often cannot manage. At such time we usually try to seek the only right answer.

At such a moment that you have dropped your purse on the ground and the coins have flown separately, you must not expect them to be returned completely. You probably cannot pick up all the coins. But you should try to gather as many coins as possible.

Maybe we cannot reply to all the messages sent to us. Maybe pictures of vague figures can only be taken by us. Maybe content of a textbook cannot be remembered completely. But we must note what we could do. Because then what we could not do is going to be clear.

It is possible for us to write everything in our hearts. So I write it. I write it so rapidly that oblivion called a villain can't catch up with me. Those words written by us are the right answer. We are happy that we have language. We can let the words apart or we can let the sentences apart. Anyway we should write everything in our hearts. Because then we are going to be able to write great things which swallow the incoherence or the faults.